

# ALL TRUE

*Illustrated*

# Romance

10c

SEP  
1952

I HAD MADE MY  
DECISION BUT  
SUDDENLY I WAS  
FACED WITH THE  
SHARP REALITY  
THAT TRANSFORMED  
ME INTO A VICTIM OF  
DOUBTFUL KISSES!



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**WEB COMIC  
UNIVERSE.COM**

# Private Scandal

LUREY MY OWN MOTHER  
MOVED IN ON MY DATES  
I THOUGHT I'D DIE OF  
SHAME - BUT I HAD A  
LOT TO LEARN ABOUT  
LOVE



**WHEN** DAD DIED,  
MOTHER AND I WERE  
LEFT IN  
FINANCIAL  
COMFORT, BUT  
WITH IT ALL  
I STILL WENT  
TO BUSINESS  
EVERY DAY  
AS I LOVED  
MY WORK... I  
HAD MY OWN  
PRIVATE OFFICE  
WITH ACE  
FASHIONS, AND  
ONE DAY...

SO THIS IS  
YOUR MISS  
PEARSON  
DAVID

IT IS!  
MEET  
BOB  
MATTHEWS  
JANICE!

HOW  
DO YOU  
DO...

HE'S THE MOST  
HANDSOME MAN  
I'VE EVER SEEN!



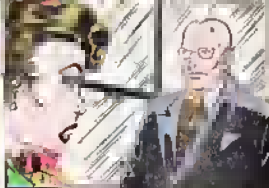
YES, BOB  
MATTHEWS  
WAS HANDSOME,  
BUT WHAT I  
WAS TO HEAR  
ABOUT HIS  
PAST WAS  
SHOCKING...

QUITE A MAN,  
BOB! MARRIED  
THREE TIMES  
AND DIDN'T  
MAKE A GO OF  
IT ONCE!

SOME-  
TIMES  
THERE  
ARE  
REASONS  
FOR SUCH  
THINGS...

IF A WOMAN UNDERSTANDS  
A MAN, SHE CAN SAVE  
HERSELF A LOT OF  
UNHAPPINESS,  
BOSS!

PERHAPS  
JANICE...  
PERHAPS...



ANYBODY THAT NICE  
COULDN'T BE A VILLAIN  
IT MUST HAVE BEEN  
THE WOMEN IN HIS  
LIFE...

SOMEHOW  
I COULDN'T  
GET THE  
HANDSOME  
STRANGER  
OFF MY  
MIND AND  
I LOOKED  
FORWARD  
TO HIS NEXT  
VISIT TO  
OUR OFFICE...

GOOD MORNING,  
MR. MATTHEWS!  
NICE TO SEE  
YOU AGAIN!

...AND TO  
SEE YOU,  
JANICE!  
BUT I  
INSIST YOU  
CALL ME  
BOB...



... BECAUSE IF YOU DON'T,  
I'LL NEVER HAVE THE  
COURAGE TO ASK YOU TO  
HAVE LUNCH WITH A  
LOVELY MAN... WOULD  
YOU?

WHY, YES  
I - I'D LOVE  
TO... BOB!

YOU KNOW I  
REALLY CAME  
BACK TO ACE  
FASHIONS ONLY  
TO SEE YOU  
AGAIN!

DID YOU  
REALLY?



BOB MADE ME FEEL MORE EXCITED THAN ANY MAN I HAD EVER KNOWN, AND WHEN HE INVITED ME TO DINNER AS WELL AS LUNCH— I AGAIN ACCEPTED...

IT'S GETTING LATE FOR A WORKING GAL, BOB, AND I REALLY MUST BE GETTING ALONG HOME...

YOU MADE THE WHOLE DAY AND EVENING JUST WONDERFUL FOR ME, JANICE!

I'M GLAD... BECAUSE I HAD A LOVELY TIME, TOO, BOB... GOOD NIGHT!



HE'S RUSHING ME AND I LOVE IT! COULD IT BE TRUE THAT THERE IS SUCH A THING AS LOVE AT FIRST SIGHT?

MOTHER CAME INTO MY ROOM AS I DRESSED FOR MY NEXT DATE WITH BOB...

OH, MOTHER, I'VE MET THE MOST WONDERFUL MAN IN THE WORLD!

HOW NICE, DARLING!



YOU'VE ALWAYS BEEN A SENSIBLE GIRL, JANICE. SO I'M SURE I'LL LIKE YOUR YOUNG MAN...

THANKS, MOTHER!

HE MAY NOT BE AS YOUNG AS MOTHER EXPECTS, BUT SHE'LL LIKE HIM I KNOW! I'M SO LUCKY TO HAVE SUCH A

YOUNG MOTHER!







... NOW THAT NIGHT ON I COULDN'T THINK STRAIGHT... OVER AND OVER I SEARCHED MY HEART FOR AN ANSWER TO THE QUESTION— WAS I IN LOVE WITH BOB?

WHAT'S WRONG, DEAR?

NOTHING, BOB...

MOTHER  
SENSED MY  
FEELINGS  
AND I  
NOTICED  
THAT SHE  
MADE IT  
A POINT  
TO FOLLOW  
ME ABOUT  
AND STRIKE  
UP A  
CONVERSATION  
ABOUT  
BOB...

DID YOU KNOW  
BOB HAD BEEN  
MARRIED  
SEVERAL  
TIMES  
DEAR?

YES,  
MOTHER.

YOU SEEMED SO  
FAR AWAY... AND  
I WANT YOU CLOSE  
TO ME... LIKE THIS

PLEASE,  
MOTHER!  
I DON'T CARE  
TO HEAR  
THINGS  
LIKE THAT...

...AND THAT THEY  
WERE WOMEN OLDER  
THAN HE! WEALTHY  
WOMEN...

WEALTHY! OLD WEALTHY  
WOMEN! HOW COULD HE?

...JANICE YOU KNOW  
THAT YOUR DAD LEFT  
US WELL OFF... COULD  
IT BE THAT...

MOTHER  
PLEASE!







I HAD REASON FOR MORE THAN MOODS IN THE DAYS THAT FOLLOWED... SOMETHING INCREDIBLE HAPPENED!

I CAN'T UNDERSTAND WHY BOB TOOK MOTHER TO THE THEATRE TONIGHT BEFORE I GOT HOME FROM THE OFFICE...

...LEAVING ME JUST A NOTE... OH, THERE THEY ARE! B-BUT THEY LOOK LIKE LOVERS!

OH, HELLO, DEAR! YOU STILL UP?

MOTHER, I'LL NEVER FORGIVE YOU FOR THIS

BUT BOB IS VERY ATTRACTIVE JANICE YOU SAID SO YOURSELF

M-MY OWN MOTHER, A MAN-THIEF

I SOBBED MYSELF TO SLEEP THAT NIGHT AND THE NEXT DAY AS I WAS ABOUT TO LEAVE FOR THE OFFICE, MOTHER CAME OUT OF HER ROOM, AND...

JANICE, I HAVE SOMETHING TO TELL YOU...

BUT YOU MUST! BOB HAS ASKED ME TO MARRY HIM! HE'LL BE HERE TONIGHT FOR HIS ANSWER... I WANT YOU TO BE PRESENT!

I DON'T CARE TO HEAR ANYTHING MORE ABOUT IT, MOTHER!

THE DAY WAS TORTUROUSLY LONG. YET I WASN'T LOOKING FORWARD TO THAT EVENING. I THINK I WAS TOO NUMB TO FULLY REALIZE THE FANTASTIC TURN OF EVENTS...



THE DOORBELL. NOW I'LL LEARN THE TRUTH ABOUT ALL THIS!

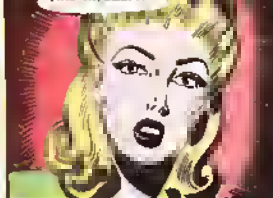
I KNOW IT MUST BE DIFFICULT FOR YOU TO BELIEVE IT, DEAR!



LET'S GET DIRECTLY TO THE POINT BOB. NOW, ABOUT MONEY...

MONEY?

YES. ALTHOUGH MY HUSBAND LEFT A GREAT SUM, HE ALSO LEFT SO MANY DEBTS THAT IT WAS USED UP IN NO TIME! NOW I HOPE YOU'RE IN A POSITION TO SUPPORT BOTH JANICE AND MYSELF...



WHY YOU TWO DECEIVING CATS TO THINK OF THE TIME I'VE WASTED AROUND HERE

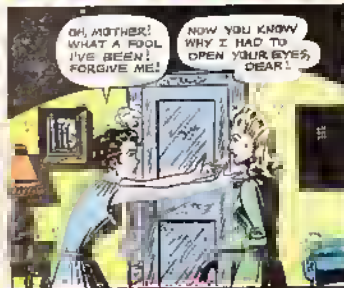
THANK YOU. NOW I SUGGEST THAT YOU LEAVE IMMEDIATELY

BOB!



OH, MOTHER! WHAT A FOOL I'VE BEEN! FORGIVE ME!

NOW YOU KNOW WHY I HAD TO OPEN YOUR EYES, DEAR!



YOU'RE THE MOST WONDERFUL MOTHER IN THE WORLD. AND EVEN IF WE ARE BROKE, WE'LL GET ALONG SOMEHOW!

THAT WAS A LITTLE FIB DARLING WE'RE FAR FROM BROKE...



# DOUBTFUL KISSES

OLD LOVES ARE TENDER MEMORIES — EXCEPT WHEN THEY RETURN TO TRUMP YOUR HEART AND MAKE YOU WONDER IF YOU HAVEN'T MADE THE MISTAKE OF YOUR LIFETIME...

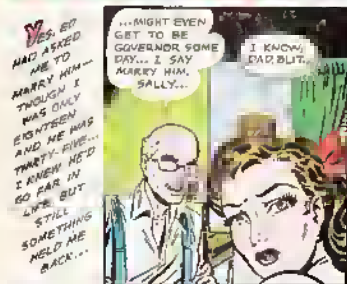


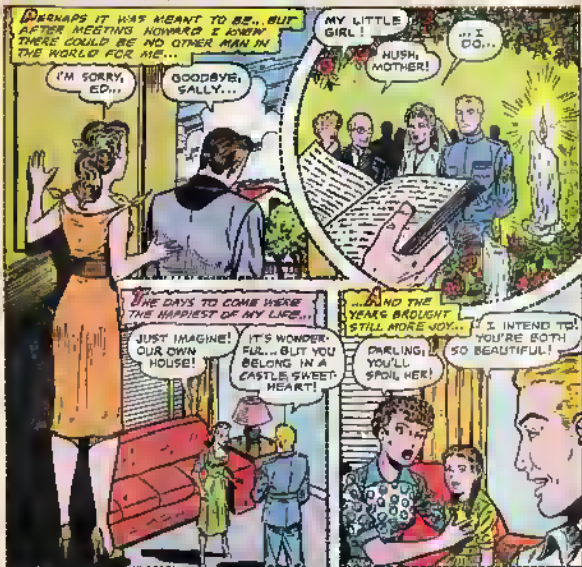
TUESDAY WAS JUST ANOTHER DAY TO ME UNTIL THE MAIL ARRIVED AND THEN...

AN INVITATION TO A DINNER IN HONOR OF ED MARKS! WHY, I HAVEN'T HEARD OR THOUGHT OF HIM IN YEARS!

DADDY WAS RIGHT ABOUT ED. HE CERTAINLY DID GO TO THE TOP! AND TO THINK OF WHAT MIGHT HAVE BEEN...







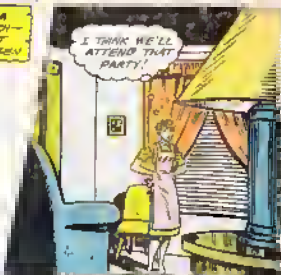


GUNNY NOW ONE LITTLE INVITATION TO A PARTY CAN UPSET YOUR THINKING SO MUCH—AND I COULDN'T HELP BUT WONDER WHAT IT WOULD HAVE BEEN LIKE IF I HAD CHOSEN ED MARKS...

SOCIAL WHIRL...  
BEAUTIFUL GONORS...  
WEALTH...



I THINK WE'LL  
ATTEND THAT  
PARTY!



HOWARD  
HAD NEVER  
KNOWN  
ABOUT ED—  
AND HE WAS  
A LAMB  
ABOUT  
AGREEING  
TO TAKE ME  
TO THE  
PARTY...HE  
EVEN  
APPROVED  
OF ME  
SQUEEZING  
A NEW GRESS  
OUT OF OUR  
BUDGET...

I MAY BE A LITTLE  
OLDER—BUT STILL  
SO IS ED!



OH, DARLING,  
YOU LOOK SO  
WONDERFUL!

NOT SO BAD  
YOURSELF FOR  
AN OLD MARRIED  
WOMAN!

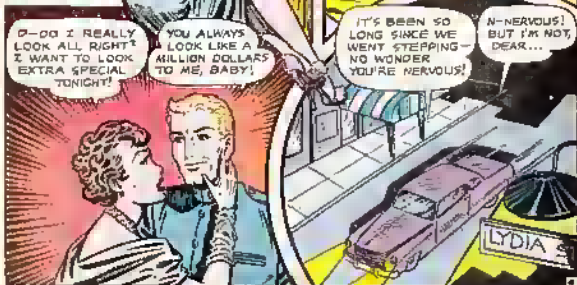


O—DO I REALLY  
LOOK ALL RIGHT?  
I WANT TO LOOK  
EXTRA SPECIAL  
TONIGHT!

YOU ALWAYS  
LOOK LIKE A  
MILLION DOLLARS  
TO ME, BABY!

IT'S BEEN SO  
LONG SINCE WE  
WENT STEPPING—  
NO WONDER  
YOU'RE NERVOUS!

N-NERVOUS!  
BUT I'M NOT,  
DEAR...



THE PARTY WAS VERY FORMAL, AND I COULD FEEL MYSELF TENSING UP THE MOMENT HE ARRIVED...

GOOD EVENING, THIS WAY, PLEASE!

GOSH! SOME PLACE!

C-COULD THAT POSSIBLY BE ED? OH, NO...

GALLY! STILL AS BEAUTIFUL AS EVER! I SAY, YOU DO REMEMBER ME, DON'T YOU?

Y-YES... YES, OF COURSE, ED...

SO THAT'S THE GUEST OF HONOR NICE OLD COOGER, ISN'T HE

VERY NICE, DEAR...

NOW WHAT'S ON YOUR MIND? YOU'VE BEEN ACTING FUNNY ALL EVENING, WOMAN!

I WANT TO TELL YOU SOMETHING AND I DON'T WANT THE GUESTS TO HEAR...

IT REALLY ISN'T A SECRET- BUT I WANT TO TELL YOU AGAIN HOW MUCH I LOVE YOU AND HOW HAPPY AND PROUD I AM TO BE YOUR WIFE!

I DON'T KNOW WHAT BROUGHT ALL THIS ON-BUT IT'S MUSIC TO MY EARS, HONEY!

The End



# STRANGER'S MEETING

by  
Ruth Mulloy



IT was a rainy day in late April and the bus was crowded. It crawled down Fifth Avenue like a huge green eel, full of deep and uncomfortable people, and the smell of wet wool Outside the rain came down in clattering gray ropes. Not at all a day for romance.

Ellen Baker got on at Fifth Street, her arms full of brown paper bundles. She was trying to hold her balance in the lurching rebath, pinning her bundles down with her five little eels, while she looked for her purse and a gim. For a black or so it looked pretty hopeless. The other passengers watched solemnly. The driver frowned and waited patiently. It became more apparent by the second that Ellen had no dmi. She felt a bill in her purse, knew guiltily that it was a five, and squirmed at the thought of having to give her that. Little fool! Why hadn't she thought to ask the last clerk for change?

The young eye came to her rescue, as the old misanthrope had it, is the clerk of this. He dropped a slim item into her box and smiled at Ellen. "Don't thank me," he said. "You're obviously a resident in distress."

Ellen felt her last lequing. "Oh, but I de thank you," she gasped. "If you knew how much I—" She never finished that sentence, because at that precise moment the bundles spilled out of her arms like a brown waterfall. They cascaded around the young eye, coating his feet in their expensive looking baggage.

"Oh," said Ellen. There seemed nothing else to say.

"Never mind," said the young man, hushing over. "Let me help you." He gathered the bundles together, got her some, but kept some himself. "I'll just hold them until you get off," he said. "If you don't mind, that is."

"No," said Ellen doubtfully. "It's really very kind of you." She looked around, except the hard stare of an elderly woman. There disapproval was etched on the woman's face. Ellen looked at the young man again. She was suddenly aware of the extreme blueness of his eyes. Blue as lake water. He smiled, showing teeth that were white and even. She suddenly decided that she liked him. It was just right. Friendly, comforting without being too aware of itself, like the toothpaste ad.

The elderly woman was still staring. "Could we move down," Ellen whispered. "People are

supposed to be sitting near the bus, aren't they?"

He nodded. "Yes, I see what you mean." He showed his way back, with Ellen slipping along behind him as open field runner follow-lez let's see.

He looked two straps and they clung to him. He grinned at her. "Quite a dragon, wasn't she?"

"Dragon?" Ellen had already forgotten the woman.

"Never mind," he said. "If you care, my name is Bert Thomas." He looked at her closely, obviously staring. There was a long moment as the bus lurched along, slowing how and there with a hint of six bikes. He waited to know how early, she thought. Netmely. And she wanted to tell him. Still she said nothing. Loeg, he grained habit sealed her lips. You did not become familiar with the great, no matter how kind they were, or how much you liked their looks. You simply did not.

All this time her eyes had been looking him in. Tell, well dressed, with what the magazine stories called a lion's head open face. A little on the rugged side, she thought. Good shoulders. Brown hair cut short, almost a crew cut. Not as beautiful as at all, until he smiled. Then something happened to it, and you saw how nice he really was.

Ellen lifted her chin a bit. Dare the conversation! He was nice. She would tell him her name. She would even tell him her address, and her phone number, if he were at all interested. She knew a next move even when she saw one.

"I"—the begae, but the golden moment had wasted away. He understood. He looked into her eyes, his center the great just a bit. "I understood," he said. "Forget it. We'll just two strange people in the night."

His gaze came back. "That's not right, is it?"

"No," she said. "It's ships that pass in the night. And I don't mind, really—"

It was exactly the sentence. The bus chose that precise moment to skid on the rain slicked street and go crashing into a parked car. The jolted twenty people were pushed and crushed by the impact, tossed into a great jell of legs and arms and heads. Women screamed and men cursed. The bus tumbled off the car, slewed sideways across the street and came to

a halt. The driver wiped his sweating brow in relief. Not bad after all.

Ellen had struck his hand a glancing blow. Nothing serious, just enough to make any belt ring for a moment or so, and to jumble his thoughts. She was smart, rather dimly, of the young man helping her to satiate his thirst from the crowd. He was piling bundles into her arms and hailing a taxi. He held the door open for her.

"Goodbye," he said. He closed the door and turned away.

"But," said Ellen, "I—" This was his day for not fulfilling promises. He was lost in the milling crowd.

The driver was waiting patiently. "Where to, Miss?"

Ellen gave his address on West End Avenue. A little sadness grew in her as the taxi hummed along. She had an absurd sense of having missed something fine, something that might have been precious. Then she gave herself a little mental shake. How absurd! You read about things like that, or saw them in the movies, but they never happened in real life. She would forget that nice young man, with his engaging grin, in a day or so. Maybe even an hour.

When she got home, her mother said: "The studio called, Ellen. They need you tonight. I promised you would be there."

"Thanks, darling," Ellen kissed her mother and went to her room. Any other time she would have been overjoyed, just now the news that TV was calling left her strangely unmoved. She had had a last career to date, filling in now and then for bit players on television dramas, hoping for a break. But that evening, as she dressed to go to the studio, she kept seeing the face of that young man Bert Thomas, hadn't it been? She leaned herself wondering what he did for a living, what he had come from originally, all the questions she could have asked, and answered, with this having a date tonight. If only she had been able to finish that sentence—and there hadn't been that damned accident!

When she got to the studio she found, to her complete surprise and dismay, that she was to play the lead in a murder mystery. The star had

gotten sick at the last moment. Because of a mass of circumstances there had been no time for rehearsal. They put her in a room with a script, gave her an hour, and then shoved her on the set. It was her big chance.

As the camera tolled toward her for the first shot, she single-mindedly gazed at her, she felt cold and weak. The flop of the week, she thought. Then the play had begun and she found the lines coming smoothly, easily, without effort on her part. She became aware, as the story went along, that she was a success. This might be the beginning of a career, a first taste.

After the body was found, the killer caught and led away, she nudged into the hero's arm. He was a man named Ted Jenkins, a not so young jinx. He held her and he whispered, how low for the milk to him: "You were wonderful tonight, Ellen. How about dinner afterward?"

The script called for him to nod. She nodded. But she said: "No, Ted. Not tonight. I'm finishing scenes."

A heart, of course. She was going straight home after the show. She and mother would have a quiet talk, then bed.

It didn't work out quite that way. As she left the huge building she heard a voice:

"Miss Baker?" She turned. It was he. The young man on the bus. Bert Thomas.

He came through a small crowd to her. "I saw your play," he said. He grinned. "Lucky thing, too. Just happened to be in the place. The man wanted to join on the fight, but I got a look at your face and insisted. We had quite a time."

Ellen felt light inside. Fate took care of things. She put a hand on his arm. "I'm glad," she said. "I'm most really thanked you for this afternoon."

They were walking together now, toward the bright lights of Broadway. He looked at her, a mock grimace brown on his face. "I had so much," he said. "After all, I work in a bank. Third vice-president, you know. And business is booming."

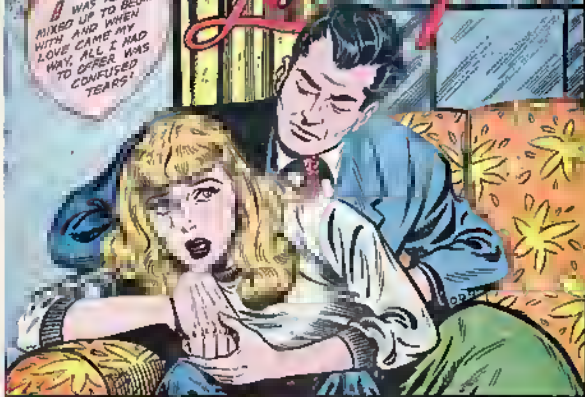
She was puzzled. "Business?"

He grinned. "Sure. You owe me a dime, remember?"



# How Can I Love You?

I WAS ALL MIXED UP TO BEGIN WITH AND WHEN LOVE CAME MY WAY, ALL I HAD TO OFFER WAS TO CONFUSED TEARS!



...MINE IS A GRIM STORY. MY FATHER, WHOM I ADORER, WAS JAILED ON AN EMBEZZLEMENT CHARGE, BUT I HAD MY OWN IDEAS ON THAT, AND WITH A BITTER HEART I WAS OUT TO GET REVENGE ON THE MAN WHO SENT HIM THERE...

WELL, ANDY MORRIS, WE'RE BOTH IN THE SAME TOWN NOW!

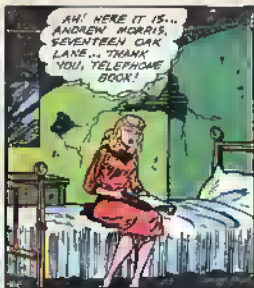


I WANT A SMALL ROOM, PLEASE... ONE ON THE WEST SIDE OF THE BUILDING!

ARE YOU GOING TO STAY LONG, MISS?



**NOW**  
COULD I SAY  
HOW LONG  
I'D STAY...  
I HAD PLANS,  
BUT THE  
TIME THEY'D  
TAKE TO BE  
FULFILLED  
DEPENDS  
UPON THE  
MAN I WAS  
SEEKING...  
ANDY  
MORRIS...



AH! HERE IT IS...  
ANDREW MORRIS,  
SEVENTEEN OAK  
LANE... THANK  
YOU, TELEPHONE  
BOOK!

THE NICEST SECTION IN  
TOWN... WHILE MY DAD  
SPENDS HIS DAYS IN  
JAIL... BUT I'LL SEE  
TO THAT.



THE NEXT THING I DID  
WAS TO FIND THAT  
ADDRESS AND THEN  
MY GUNT WAS  
REALLY ON...

NO ONE AROUND,  
BUT I'LL BE BACK  
UNTIL WE MEET

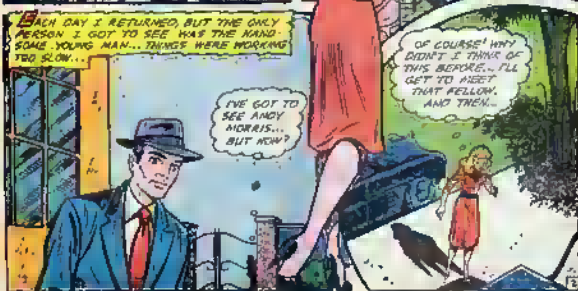


SOMEONE... NO—THAT  
MAN IS TOO YOUNG TO  
BE ANDY MORRIS! BUT  
IT—IT COULD BE  
HIS SON...



EACH DAY I RETURNED, BUT THE ONLY  
PERSON I GOT TO SEE WAS THE HAND-  
SOME YOUNG MAN... THINGS WERE WORKING  
TOO SLOW...

I'VE GOT TO  
SEE ANDY  
MORRIS...  
BUT NOW?



OF COURSE! WHY  
DIDN'T I THINK OF  
THIS BEFORE... I'LL  
GET TO MEET  
THAT FELLOW,  
AND THEN...





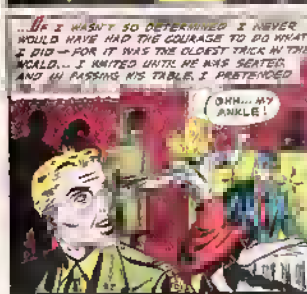
MY MONEY WAS LIMITED BUT IT WAS WORTH INVESTING IN A RENTED CAR TO BE ABLE TO FOLLOW THAT MAN...

...LET'S GO, STRANGER—I'M RIGHT BEHIND YOU!



...MY FIRST STOP WAS AT A RESTAURANT... AND SO WAS AINE...

NOW I'VE GOT TO THINK FAST, OR I MAY LOSE MY CHANCE FOREVER!



...IF I WASN'T SO DETERMINED I NEVER WOULD HAVE HAD THE COURAGE TO DO WHAT I DID—FOR IT WAS THE OLDEST TRICK IN THE WORLD... I WAITED UNTIL HE WAS SEATED, AND IN PASSING HIS TABLE, I PRETENDED

(OH... MY ANKLE!)



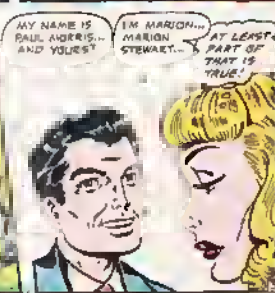
O—DID YOU HURT YOURSELF MISS?

I DON'T KNOW... BUT THANK YOU FOR CATCHING ME. IF I COULD SIT DOWN FOR JUST A MINUTE...



SAY HOW ABOUT HAVING LUNCH AT THIS TABLE? GIVE YOUR ANKLE A REST... AND GIVE ME THE PLEASURE OF YOUR COMPANY!

THAT'S VERY NICE OF YOU! AND THANK YOU... I THINK I WILL!



MY NAME IS PAUL MORRIS... AND YOURS?

I'M MARION... MARION STEWART...

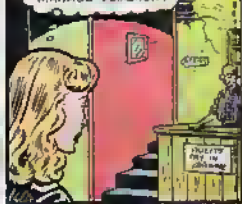
AT LEAST PART OF THAT IS TRUE!

**WE** SEEMED TO LIKE  
ME RIGHT OFF...  
AND I MADE IT  
EASY FOR HIM FOR  
A DATE THAT  
NIGHT... BUT THEN  
I HAD TO FIB MY  
WAY THROUGH  
THE WHOLE  
EVENING...

NOW TO GET BACK  
TO WHERE I REALLY  
LIVE!

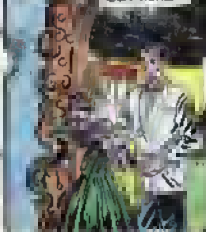


THIS IS ONE PART OF MY  
PRETENSE THAT WILL BE  
DIFFICULT TO KEEP UP!  
CLOTHES, TOO... BUT I'LL  
MANAGE SOMEHOW!



**OUR** NEXT DATE  
WAS IN A  
SWANK PLACE  
AND I WORE  
MY VERY  
BEST DRESS...  
THIS NIGHT  
HAS TO BE  
THE MOST  
IMPORTANT  
OF ALL...  
LITTLE DID  
PAUL KNOW  
THIS, OF  
COURSE, AND  
HE WAS  
REAL  
CHARMING...

YOU'RE MORE BEAUTIFUL  
THAN EVER, MARION! I  
THOUGHT YOU'D NEVER  
GET HERE!



MARION, I CAN'T  
KEEP THIS TO  
MYSELF ANY  
LONGER... I'M  
IN LOVE WITH YOU!

OH, PAUL!  
I WISH YOU  
HADN'T SAID  
THAT!



...IT'S TRUE! I'VE ONLY  
BEEN WITH YOU A SHORT  
TIME, BUT SURELY YOU  
MUST HAVE FELT IT,  
TOO.

THEN IT'S  
TRUE! YOU'RE  
IN LOVE WITH  
ME, AREN'T  
YOU...

PAUL... THIS  
SHOULDN'T  
HAPPEN...  
BUT WHAT  
CAN I DO...



MY PLANS WENT  
UP IN SMOKE... I  
HAD FALLEN IN  
LOVE WITH THE  
SON OF THE MAN  
I HATED... AND  
NOW HE WANTED  
ME TO MEET  
HIS PARENTS...

IN SPITE OF IT ALL  
I MUSTN'T FORGET  
MY DAD... I CAN'T  
PAUL MUST COME  
—END—

DON'T BE NERVOUS,  
DARLING! DAD WILL  
LOVE YOU. HE COULDN'T  
HELP BUT LOVE YOU

I'M NOT  
NERVOUS,  
PAUL... NOT  
NOW!

SHE'S LOVELY, SON  
JUST AS YOU DESCRIBED  
HER, SO PERFECTLY!

I KNEW  
YOU'D FEEL  
THIS WAY  
DAD

I WANT YOU  
TO FEEL AT  
HOME WITH US,  
MARION... LIKE  
ONE OF THE  
FAMILY!

THANK  
YOU

...WITH  
MY DAD  
IN JAIL  
BECAUSE  
OF YOU!

IN SPITE OF YOUR  
CHARMING MANNERS,  
YOU'RE A BAD MAN  
ANDY MORRIS, AN  
EVIL MAN!

NOW GO ALONG WITH  
PAUL OR HE'LL THINK  
I'M TRYING TO STEAL  
YOU AWAY FROM HIM

THAT WASN'T  
SO BAD WAS IT,  
DARLING. I  
HAPPEN TO BE  
VERY FOND OF  
MY DAD, TOO!

H—HE WAS  
VERY NICE,  
PAUL!

...HE REALLY  
WAS! I HAVE  
TO ADMIT  
THAT!

WEST ST  
INDIA ST

...THAT WASN'T THE LAST TIME I WENT TO PAUL'S HOME, BUT I NEVER HAD THE CHANCE TO TALK ALONE WITH PAUL'S FATHER, UNTIL ONE DAY...

IN VIEW OF THE DISCUSSION WE HAD, SON, I'D LIKE TO SPEAK TO MARION PRIVATELY IF YOU DON'T MIND...

CERTAINLY, DAD...

PAUL TOLD ME HOW MUCH HE LOVES YOU, MY DEAR! I, TOO... I HOPE YOU'LL AGREE TO JOIN OUR SMALL FAMILY...

I - I GUESS I'VE BEEN EXPECTING THIS, MR. MORRIS...

I'M CERTAIN YOU HAVE BEEN! I JUST WANTED YOU TO KNOW HOW VERY MUCH I APPROVE...

...IN FACT I WILL BE HEARTBROKEN IF YOU DON'T AS YOUR HUSBAND, MARION...

I HADN'T REALLY THOUGHT THIS OUT...

SAY, YOU TWO, REMEMBER ME? I'D LIKE TO DO MY OWN PROPOSING IF YOU DON'T MIND!

W - WHAT SHALL I DO?

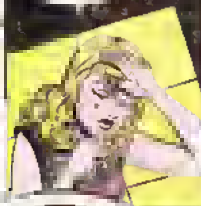
WAIT! I CAN'T LISTEN TO ANY MORE... I HAVE SOMETHING TO TELL YOU...

MARION! CHARLING!



MY VOICE  
WAS CHOKED  
WITH TEARS.  
BUT I  
TOLD THEM  
EVERYTHING  
WHO I WAS  
AND HOW  
I FELT  
ABOUT MY  
DAD IN  
JAIL, THE  
SHABBY  
HOTEL I  
LIVED IN,  
AND WHY...

Y—YOU SEE... I  
WAS ONLY HERE  
SEEKING MY  
REVENGE...



IN FAIRNESS TO ALL, MARION, YOU'LL  
HAVE TO HEAR THE REST OF THAT  
GRIM STORY! WE'RE ALL INVOLVED  
NOW. I HAVE A LETTER WRITTEN  
BY YOUR DAD... I WANT YOU TO  
READ IT!



...PAUL'S FATHER WENT TO HIS DESK  
AND UNLOCKED A DRAWER. WHEN HE  
RETURNED, HE HANDED ME THE LETTER...

YOU WERE A LOYAL  
DAUGHTER, MARION—  
TAKE PRIDE IN THAT!  
AND I STILL WOULD  
BE PROUD TO HAVE  
YOU AS MY  
DAUGHTER!

DON'T CRY, DARLING!  
IT WAS JUST A  
TERRIBLE MISUNDER-  
STANDING YOU HAD!  
IF YOU HAD ONLY  
TOLD ME...

OH,  
PAUL...

Dear Girls:  
I know the court will  
disregard any  
connection with the  
smuggling of — but I  
want you to have this  
confession by my own  
hand. I was  
responsible. I  
extended to me the  
same time  
— the time  
before I...

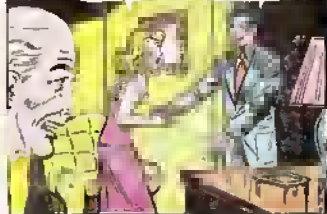


NOW CAN YOU  
LOVE ME NOW  
WHEN I'VE ACTED  
SO BADLY...

HOW CAN I LOVE YOU?  
JUST GIVE ME A  
LITTLE TIME AND  
I'LL SHOW YOU!

... NOW LET ME  
HEAR YOU ACCEPT  
ME, DARLING...

OH, YES,  
PAUL... I  
LOVE YOU  
SO MUCH...



The  
End

# HER MAN or Mine?



AFTER COUNTLESS HOURS OF WAITING, MY ARMS FINALLY HELD HIM AGAIN, BUT ONLY TO FIND THAT HE COULDN'T BELONG TO ME AFTER ALL!



THE DAY OF DAYS HAD FINALLY ARRIVED... DAVE WAS COMING HOME AND WHAT A WELCOME HE HAD AWAITING HIM...

OH, DARLING! AT LAST! AFTER ALL THE WAITING AND LONELY HOURS!



DAVID! OH, DAVID!

ELAINE! SWEETHEART!



DAVID, THE  
CITY IS YOURS!

I'M CERTAINLY  
HONORED, SIR,  
AND MIGHTY  
SURPRISED, TOO!

WE HAVE AN IDEA  
YOU'RE IN FOR  
PLENTY OF  
EXCITEMENT  
REAL SOON...  
RIGHT, ELAINE?

WELL, HE HASN'T  
ASKED ME  
OFFICIALLY  
YET!

BUT  
I'M GOING  
TO...



OH, DAVID, ASK ME SOON. I  
CAN'T WAIT FOR US TO BE  
MARRIED... I LOVE YOU SO  
MUCH

...DAVID WAS  
A HERO  
AND I HAD  
TO WAIT FOR  
THE SPEECHES  
TO END  
BEFORE I  
COULD GET  
HIM ALONE...  
EVEN THIS  
KIND OF  
WAITING  
WAS  
TORTURE—  
BUT AT  
LONG LAST  
I HAD  
HIM IN SEMI-  
PRIVACY...

AS SOON AS I CAN LET  
YOU GO, I WANT TO  
ASK YOU...

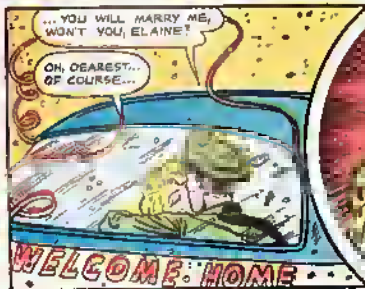
JUST KISS ME,  
DARLING



... YOU WILL MARRY ME,  
WON'T YOU, ELAINE?

OH, DEAREST...  
OF COURSE...

SODD,  
ELAINE!  
NOW DON'T CRY...  
I'M HOME AND I  
LOVE YOU MORE  
THAN ANYTHING  
IN THE WORLD!



THE FOLLOWING DAYS WERE A FRANTIC BUSTLE... I WAS EVEN PROPOSED THAT DAVID RUN FOR MAYOR--BUT WE SPENT AS MUCH TIME AS WE COULD TOGETHER MAKING PLANS...

SLAINE, IS THERE ANYTHING YOU'D LIKE TO ASK ME ABOUT... ABOUT ROSE?--

NO, DAVID. THAT IS ALL PAST HISTORY!

THANKS, DEAR! IT WAS A DREADEFUL MISTAKE... I WAS SAILING FOR OVERSEAS AND SHE INSISTED ON A HASTY MARRIAGE...

... BUT SHE HAD IT ANNULLED AS SOON AS YOU SAILED...

I'D GIVE ANYTHING IF IT HADN'T HAPPENED, ELAINE...

I KNOW, DARLING-- AND I WANT YOU TO FORGET IT FOREVER, AS I WILL...

I NEVER GAVE ANOTHER THOUGHT TO THE FACT THAT MY DAVID HAD TAKEN ANOTHER GIRL FOR HIS WIFE, BECAUSE I KNEW HIS LOVE FOR ME WAS REAL... AND BESIDES THERE WERE MORE PLEASANT THINGS TO THINK OF...

OUR ANNOUNCEMENT! SOMETIMES IT DOESN'T SEEM REAL... I'M SO HAPPY!

SOCIETY

I READ WHERE ELAINE CROSSEN IS ABOUT TO MARRY DAVID WEBB!

HE'S A FORTUNATE FELLOW I'D SAY...

I WONDER IF SHE KNOWS HOW VERY MUCH HE LOVES HER?

OH, SWEETHEART, I DO... AND I LOVE YOU, TOO--FROM THE BOTTOM OF MY HEART!

...WITH ONLY TWO DAYS TO GO, I  
DIDN'T HAVE A SINGLE IDLE MINUTE...

I'LL NEVER BE READY: I  
WONDER IF POOR DAVID IS  
GOING THROUGH ALL THIS!

NOW WHO COULD  
THAT BE? I'M NOT  
EXPECTING ANYONE  
AT THIS HOUR  
OF THE DAY...

R-R-  
T-T-  
R-R-RING

MISS CROSBY I'D LIKE  
TO HAVE A LITTLE CHAT  
WITH YOU... I'M MRS WEBB..  
YOU KNOW, DAVID'S  
WIFE!

O-DAVID'S  
WIFE!

I READ ABOUT  
YOU TWO IN THE  
PAPER AND I  
WANTED TO GET  
THE STORY  
STRAIGHT...

BUT YOU  
ANNULLED  
YOUR  
MARRIAGE  
TO DAVID...

WHO SAID? THAT LITTLE  
DEAL NEVER WENT THROUGH!  
SORRY, HONEY, I'M STILL  
MRS. WEBB!

ARE  
Y-YOU  
JOKING?

THIS IS NO TIME FOR LAUGHS.  
DAVID IS MY HUSBAND AND I  
WANT TO KNOW WHAT'S GOING  
TO BE DONE ABOUT IT

THE NEWSPAPERS WOULD LOVE THIS BIT OF GOSSIP WOULDN'T THEY? ESPECIALLY WITH OUR MUTUAL FRIEND ABOUT TO RUN FOR MAYOR!

PLEASE! YOU WOULDN'T...

OF COURSE I FEEL BAD FOR YOU, HONEY! YOUR FAMILY IS WELL KNOWN IN TOWN, TOO...

WOULD YOU RUIN ALL OF OUR LIVES?

I'M AFRAID I'LL HAVE TO—UNLESS OTHER ARRANGEMENTS CAN BE MADE...

TELL ME! I'LL DO ANYTHING...

GOOD! I'VE GOT IT ALL FIGURED OUT GIVE DAVID A CALL SO THE THREE OF US CAN TALK THIS OUT!

ALL RIGHT...

DAVID—PLEASE, COME OVER RIGHT AWAY. I CAN'T EXPLAIN... IT'S MOST IMPORTANT...

HAVEN'T SEEN DAVID IN SOME TIME—HOW IS THE DEAR BOY?

HE'LL SOON BE HERE AND YOU CAN ASK HIM PERSONALLY...

THE MINUTES DRAGGED UNTIL I FINALLY HEARD DAVID'S FOOTSTEPS RUSHING UP TO THE DOOR... AS HE ENTERED HE STARED IN DISBELIEF AT MY UNINVITED GUEST...

ROSE!

HI, DAVID,  
DEAR!

VERY TOUCHING  
SCENE—BUT NOW  
LET'S GET DOWN  
TO BUSINESS

I HAVE NO  
BUSINESS  
CONCERNING  
YOU, ROSE!

BUT SHE  
SAID YOU  
HAVE,  
DAVID!

FOR TEN THOUSAND  
DOLLARS I'LL GO TO  
MEXICO VERY QUIETLY,  
GET A NICE LITTLE  
DIVORCE OR ANNULLMENT  
AND NO ONE BUT THE  
THREE OF US WILL KNOW  
A THING  
ABOUT IT!

WHAT'S THIS?  
BUT YOU LED  
ME TO BELIEVE  
YOU *DID*  
THAT!

ABOUT THE  
MONEY HERO—  
DO I GET IT  
OR NOT?

I DON'T  
KNOW IF I  
CAN RAISE  
THAT SUM...

OH,  
DAVID...

YOU'D BETTER, SONNY BOY—IF  
YOU WANT TO STAY AT THE TOP  
OF THE CLASS IN THIS TOWN!

W-WHAT  
SHALL  
WE DO,  
DARLING?

DON'T WORRY, ELAINE...  
KEEP YOUR PRETTY  
LITTLE CHIN UP... I'LL  
THINK OF SOMETHING!

ALL MY DREAMS HAD GONE UP IN SMOKE...  
THERE WAS NOTHING TO DO BUT WAIT AND  
STARE...

BLACKMAIL! WHO EVER THOUGHT  
WE'D GET MIXED UP IN SOME  
THING SORDID LIKE THIS!

YES,  
DAVID!  
OF COURSE  
I TRUST  
YOU...

I WON'T SEE  
YOU FOR A FEW  
DAYS, DARLING—  
BUT PLEASE  
DON'T WORRY...

DON'T WORRY..  
OH, DAVID, HOW  
CAN I HELP BUT  
WORRY... WHAT  
IF I LOSE

DAYS OF  
ANGUISH  
PASSED  
AND NOT A  
WORD FROM  
DAVID..  
I COULDN'T  
EAT OR  
SLEEP  
AND MY  
NERVES  
WERE  
FRAYED...

ANOTHER NIGHT.  
PLEASE CALL ME  
TONIGHT, SWEETHEART...

NOT A WORD..  
HE WON'T CALL THIS  
LATE... MAYBE HE'LL  
NEVER CALL ME  
AGAIN

DAVID...  
DAVID...









Style No. 495

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HEN MAN OR MINE?		9